

"WHERE, OH WHERE HAS THE OTHER DOG GONE?"—THE TALE OF A COUPLE OF PUPS

(With Apologies to "Has Anybody Here Seen Rover?")

Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!

Has anybody here seen "Major?"

Bow! Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!

I've been stung bad, I'll wager.

I thought he was Junske's dog.

The judge put that thought on the hog.

Still I feel that it's a steal

And that he is my "Major" real.

Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!

That perp was surely great.

I wonder has he really got a mate.

Oof!—Oof! Oof!

I should worry like a tree,

And have somebody trimming me.

I wonder where's that doggone dog of mine.

Judge Prindville of the Municipal Court listened to over a score of witnesses yesterday who sought to convince him that a Scotch collie dog could be called "Queenie" by one family and "Major" by another and still be a perfectly natural dog.

The court finally decided that the dog's name was "Queenie," and the neighborhood out around 76th street and Normal avenue is all spilt up.

Mrs. Fannie Lankford, 7725 Normal avenue, had a dog which she called "Major."

Mrs. Rose Gunske, 7621 Eggleston avenue, also had a dog, but it answered to the name of "Queenie."

Both animals were Scotch collies.

Mrs. Lankford's "Major" disappeared Thanksgiving day, and for two months he was mourned.

On January 20 Mrs. Lankford saw Willie Reese, a grocery boy, who delivers provisions to both families, leading a collie up the street. She looked at the dog's head and decided "Major" was found.

She threatened Willie with arrest if he didn't give her the dog, and, though Willie was perfectly sure the

dog he was leading never should have been named "Major," he was frightened by the thought of jail.

He gave up the dog, and reported to Mrs. Gunske.

Mrs. Gunske told the policeman on the beat, and he went up to the Lankford home and recaptured the dog, turning it over to Mrs. Gunske.

In the evening, feeling satisfied with himself, the copper reported his action to the desk sergeant at the South Englewood station.

"Say, you can't do anything like that," criticized the sergeant.

"The h—l I can't! I did it," retorted the copper.

The sergeant explained that if Mrs. Gunske wanted the dog she would have to go into court and secure a writ of replevin.

Once more the copper captured the dog, this time taking it from Mrs. Gunske and returning it to Mrs. Lankford.

Mrs. Gunske asked for the writ of replevin, and so the case came before Judge Prindville.

There was an army of witnesses on both sides. Mrs. Gunske produced the man in Tampa, Ill., who sold her the dog, and the baggage man, who chaperoned it to Chicago also identified the animal as "Queenie." He said he had the scars to prove she was she and not he. Friends of Mrs. Gunske identified the dog as "Queenie."

Then Mrs. Lankford brought forward the woman from whom she had bought "Major," and the dog in question was just as positively identified as Mrs. Lankford's property.

She also produced an army of neighbors who declared the animal was a pet of the Lankford family. Her daughter said she knew the dog because it was fond of admiring itself in the mirror.

Judge Prindville, though he didn't see the dog, finally decided it was